





# godiva's box

Dear Box,  
It has come to our attention that several members of the Engineering Society have succumbed to the curse of the crazed artsie practice of acting like a fag centefield of Varsity Stadium during half-time. The S.P.C.F.C.\* should take note and inspect Mob Raier (note: this name has been changed to protect the guilty party) and his antics in certain manoeuvres such as the caterpillar. He was heard to cry "kinky sex" during UofT's strong win over Guelph. In particular, the aforementioned "gentleman" attempted to bide his true sexual preference by attacking his female counterparts. However, we recognize this as a feeble display to protect his questionable "man" hood.

Signed,  
The True Men of Skule

\*Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Female Cheerleaders

Dear Box: We the Nurses of UofT were extremely appalled at your Sept. 18 edition. In it you listed various characteristics of prominent groups on campus,

however, you failed to mention the best group on campus, the nurse. We realize that we're a rather small group but are the backbone of this institute. We thought that at least the engineers would be clever enough to recognize our outstanding abilities. Please remedy this in your next issue.

Super Nurses

Ed's note: See P. 11

Dear Godiva's Box,  
I was thoroughly impressed with the first issue of the TOIKE. The cover really caught my eye and the D.J.'s ad on the back was also well done. Inside, I was pleased to discover that most of the text was of a quality of humour not usually found in the TOIKE and though the Joikes and letters were not up to scratch, the majority of the feature articles were topical and funny. Two things that deserve outstanding mention are the Brown Velvet ad and the essay, "A Plea for Police Brutality." This is TOIKING at its best. It is a pity that so few engineers can appreciate the genuine humour and originality that went into the

issue.

Bob Moults, ELE III

Dear Toike Staff,

The Toike has become a garbage newspaper!

Your Sept. 18th issue bore hints of the Cannon mentality. When I read a "Dirty newspaper" I don't want to read phrases such as "archives" or see Ombudsman ads or Canada Savings Bonds advertisements. Serious journalism does not belong in the Toike — nor does Eng Soc, SAC promoting, or Ressa. We have the Cannon for that.

Last year, Otis Fudpucker submitted valuable and interesting articles. Please continue this trend. Invite perverts to submit articles. What are the merits in pursuing a nurse? Couldn't ads be from a brothel. Prostitutes that advertise their wares today are investing in their future sales!

Moults has done our Toike a discredit. Our publication dictates the path of subsequent publications. You're going down the Cannon trail! Engineers are

beer guzzlers who can oomsonu 40 beers. We are professionally trained people. Our language and actions should show this. (Nudge, nudge; wink, wink).

I.M.A. Wing-Ding

Dearest (Tight\* I Hope) Box,

Being the 2nd most prominent stud in Mech Eng (after AD of course) I resent the insinuation that all Mechbaevale are disoriented.

Now in the tradition of the peanut-brained jerk off who claimed it necessary to attack a fellow engineer, I feel (not yours thanks Bob) that retaliation is necessary.

Is it true that those little 2 inch deep aeration bores all over the grass on the front campus would plenty tell us about Electicale if they weren't full of electrical rum.

ASPOME  
(A slightly pissed-off Mech Eng)

P.S. It is not true that he waxes his sheet and uses a curling iron on the moustache.

\* No, I don't mean drunk, you asshole.

# Here it is!

# TOIKE JOIKE

What do you call an artsie with up his \_\_\_\_\_?

Pressing questions such as these are for many the very essence of life at a modern megalopolitical university, such as the one you've been committed to. By the time you've been here for a few weeks, you'll probably begin to feel the same way yourself (honest!) The Health Service has run out of aspirin again, so what can you do?

Unlike anything you've ever seen before (including the previous issue), the TOIKE OIKE (T\*ike \*ike) is still gallantly struggling to bring the plebian hordes some sort of quick relief from the dreary dullness of UofT non-death.

Published erratically and distributed across the campuses in a similar manner every now and then (usually on Thursday), the TOIKE plays a dual role. It is the (publically exposed!) official organ of the Engineering Society, and perhaps more importantly, the official unofficial university humour magazine and loony bin.

The TOIKE, as you will be relieved to learn after being assaulted by the Varsity and its many imitators, is the only campus "newspaper" that does not take itself seriously. In fact, the TOIKE is proud to take nothing seriously in its ceaseless crusade

against the smothering forces of University blandness. Our chief weapon is surprise and fear...but we have been known on occasion to resort to satire.

You will be misled by some fiendish upperclassbody to think that the TOIKE caters exclusively to the "pseudo-communal-carnal cavorting" of engineering students. Not true. Any fool who wastes his time sitting in the lobby of Sid Smith watching the consumption of 982½ copies in 347 seconds flat is sure to wonder why most of the cavorters left their bard hats at home.

Admittedly, the Vic students hoard Toikes because of the jokes that their mummies never let them read at home, and those from UC like it only because it's free—but many are simply desperate for anything different. A blessed few just want to see their material in print.

That's right—we print anything and everything, including artsie crap as well as our own!

If you think you're up to penetrating the flimsy barrier of The Engineering Image, why not come out to a makeup? The food and beer's free, and the editor's lonely. Failing that, you can always join the crowd and mail in your comedy/satire/bumour/ravings anonymously under your friend's name.

## Women Take Over Toike!!

Editor resigns  
Woman takes over as editor  
Coming Soon



## COSMOPOLITOIKE

Make-up Oct. 19 Comes out Oct. 25

C'mon ladies, show these sexist pigs what women can do. Let's make this issue a classic.

## Something extra from Labatt's.

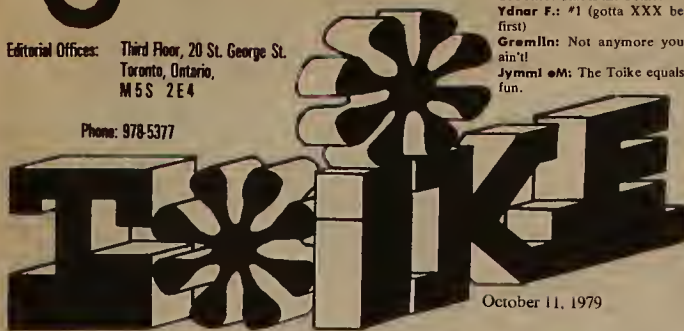
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October 11, 1979

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The TOIKE OIKE is published every now and then in the interest of the Engineering Undergraduates by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto. Nobody here takes the content of the paper seriously, so please don't be offended by anything we publish. The editor is lonely, so come pay him a visit on the third floor of the Old Metro Library Building, or call him, or his business manager, at 978-5377.

Groome: This is the Toike?  
Ydner F.: #1 (gotta XXX be first)  
Gramlin: Not anymore you ain't!  
Jymmi oM: The Toike equals fun.

Kiss: O.K. don't bite my gnat-chkose.  
John Kenny: Back for a sixth. I need the eggs.  
W: J. rates a nine.  
JVL: I'm into "Real World Space" (argh!) Thank God the Toike lives.  
Grebe: Who says med students are boring?  
Roman: Pretty much of a bugle! P.S. Thanks for the B. Day card!  
"Bruce": I wish the girls would understand my fantasy  
Squeeze: Sumthin just ran down me leg. bope it's sweat.  
Token Morallet: I'm not here this issue.  
Bill: 5 problem sets, 1 midterm, lab 13, and I wasn't really here!!  
Mooeslette: Hi Rosette Spaghettel (Scarberia) Ule?  
Piggie: Where's my Sweetie?  
Paul K.T.: Man at slave auction see bole thing.  
Steov R: That was my clone. (Send in the clones).  
Mr. X: I may have been here, but I don't remember.  
Klark Kunt: I'm just a peaceful guy really.



MENHIR!

## Searing Editorial Freedom of the Press?

I was surprised at the response that I received from the ad which appeared in the first TOIKE. Saying that the Brown Velvet ad was sexist was like saying that "All in the Family" is racist. When taken in context with the rest of the issue, it is obvious that the ad was meant as a satire on the use of sex to sell liquor.

I am disappointed that the women of Kaye Armatage's class did not see the true intent of the ad. I am also disappointed that after visiting their class, only one of them asked me for a date. I expected much more from such 'liberated' women.

Candidate



# DJ'S DUMB JOIKES

Over an afternoon draught at D.J.'s last week three female engineers were considering what kind of man they'd prefer being shipwrecked with on a desert island.

"I'd want a nuclear physicist specializing in quarks and gluons," said the electrical.

"That would be nice," said the chemical, "BUT I'd rather have the LGMB and a dog with no nose."

"Really," said the third, "I'd settle for a good obstetrician."



At Hydro Place they have a staggered lunch hour, everyone goes down to D.J.'s.



Down in D.J.'s the other night an engineer told an artsman that the pinball machine that he was attempting to use had a short circuit. "Well," the artsman screamed, "You're an Engineer, lengthen it!"

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**DISCO**

**35c**  
**DRAFT**

T



## Clark's New Energy Plan

Accidentally, almost in spite of themselves, government employees have compiled a set of hooks on the subject of coping with energy abuse. Ministers without portfolio have endeavoured to illustrate the evils of excessive waste. While these books are scheduled to appear next month, TOIKE was unfortunate enough to get hold of the manuscripts, in order to preview them for our readers, cretinous though they may be. The following is as near a monosyllabic excerpt of the hooks as we could manage.

### Turn down your Thermostat:

If you lower the thermostat some five inches from the floor, this will result in a very inconvenient method of changing house temperatures regularly. Better still, rip the thermostat off the wall, and flatten it with a hammer. This can result in a savings of 100% ON YOUR FUEL BILL. Imagine the oil company's surprise when the postage on their bill costs more than the oil they sold you.

**Eat Garbage:** Cut down on your food bill by eating the refuse from your neighbour's garbage can. Quite often, those haughty, stuck-up bourgeois energy wasters throw out better food than most restaurants serve. (Especially MacDonald's) While

you may find yourself deadlocked in territorial disputes with the neighbourhood dogs, you can stake your claim by peeing on the garbage cans (or the dogs. This upsets them very much.)

**Don't Bathe:** The criminal waste of hot water is appalling. People nowadays strive to wash away natural body odours in an effort to replace them with natty-pammy fragrances. Don't be afraid to smell like a MAN. You were meant to sweat, your bodily secretions piling up in all sorts of nasty areas, collecting and caking up until they break down and start to fester. Dare to sweat. Dare to remain friendless.

**Stop Living:** Why not die? Jesus did! Your living is an awful strain on the meagre resources the rest of us are forced to share. Dead men waste no fuel. C'mon, he a sport. Kick off, and make things easier on old mother earth. You owe her.

**Burn your dead:** What's the point in digging some shoddy grave to plant your mother-in-law in, when space is at such a premium nowadays? Dammit, man, you're awful selfish. Why not let those relatives pile up for a while, and then chuck a couple of 'em in the fireplace during the long winters you've made for yourself by foolishly ruining your

thermostat?

**Hunt your Furnace:** For those of you who are gutless examples of today's liberated male, you can still save our precious natural resources. Find a gun, and hide quietly downstairs. Don't do this in the summer, or you'll have a long wait. The next time that greedy, ravenous oil-guzzling PIG of a furnace sparks to life, let 'im have it with both barrels of your shotgun, right in his metallic GUTS. Fell the heady gush of cold kerosene in your face! It's only a bloody furnace.

**Chew Plutonium:** If it's good enough for Pickering, it's certainly good enough for the likes of you. If a few grams can boil water over in Scarborough way, imagine what a kilogram can do for you! Solve the lighting problem at home, as you glow in the dark and rearrange your DNA. This has the added benefit

**Use Recycled Paper:** This obviates the need for us to use it. While it may be fine for people like you to write on what may once have been toilet paper or someone's disposable diapers, the thought is utterly revolting to us. Since there are many more of you than of us government people, we are free to use only the finest quality paper without endangering precious forests.



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## RUDY'S

Restaurant

### LOOK WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT US!

(Reprinted from the March 29, 1979 issue of the TOIKE.)

### "NEW HOPE ON DEATH ROW!"

Bloor St. (GUPI-Special) Relief has finally come for the long suffering students of UofT. The short section on Bloor long known as "Death Row" because of its proliferation of junk food establishments now offers a genuine alternative to those students who prefer real food when they eat. Newly opened Rudy's.....outdoor terrace.....two spacious floors.....licensed.....Bake Shop, Deli, Open Kitchen.....moderate prices....."

You heard it from the experts, so come on in and try us! You have nothing to lose but indigestion.

## 232 Bloor St. West

Located across from Varsity Stadium, The Conservatory of Music and just around the corner from the ROM.



# Conclusion of Stuporman!

The story of Stuporman is like no other. And it all began those many years ago on the fabled planet Krypton.

Krypto-scientist Jerk-ov, despised, loathed and hated by everything capable of producing heat (and a national hero) failed to predict the demise of his own planet. In spite of his efforts, his only son Fuk-ov still managed to escape the fate that befell millions of his fellow Kryptonians. He was blasted into outer space from his living room aboard a computerized ship, his destination being the planet Earth. Along the way, Fuk-ov filled every available orifice in the computer with semiferous ejaculate, responding to its valiant tutorial efforts with a quart each shot.

Finally captured by the earth's gravitational field, the ship crashed in the front yard of the kindly Kunt homestead on the outskirts of Swillville.

Here, Fuk-ov, Kryptonina refugee and interstellar boat person, was cultured by a strange man and his allegedly deceased, though definitely decomposing wife, whom he kept underground. Fuk-ov was renamed Klit Kunt, and went on to terrorize the little hamlet of Swillville, where he lived for several years before finally getting really pissed off with the fucking place and farting it off the planet.

Somehow or other, he accidentally ended up in Metropolis, where he hired himself as a reporter for the Daily Planet. He was the proud owner of a rather bad temper, which manifested itself in frequent episodes of baby barbecuing with heat vision. He also met Lurid Loins, Grand Canyon of Metropolis, Planetokite reporter, whose singular goal in life was to amass 500 megalitres of sperm.

Through a brutal series of misadventures, the love affair between them grew more gruesome, culminating in a final burst of orgasmic glory when Stuporman blasted Lurid's body into the Earth's crust with unparalleled fury, love and affection.

But things were not all rosy for the man of steel. He was taunted mercilessly by Lech Lummox, evil scientist, whose uniquely original dream of world domination led him to develop a caustic wit and razor-sharp tongue for sarcastic name-calling.

Though Lech threatened to destroy the very world with two thermonuclear devices, Stuporman began a desperate search for this man whose insults had raised his ire. It was at this unbelievably suspenseful moment last year that the Toike suddenly lost all editorial direction, and floundered aimlessly in a morass of managerial incompetence.

Hence, we are now forced to present the final installment of the Adventures of Stuporman.

During his search for the evil scientist Lech Lummox, Stuporman flew over southern California and spotted a tower diving competition in progress. Opportunist that he was, he used his heat vision to vaporize the crowd and boil off all the water as one contestant was halfway through an inward two-and-a-half somersault in the piked

position. The gut-wrenching impact of human on concrete sent Stuporman gleefully on his way.

Reaching his adversary's lair, he crashed through the roof of the building and pancaked an entire Sunday School class with ceiling wreckage. Incredibly pleased with himself, he smiled when he spotted a menacing silhouette in a dark corner. Instantly recognizing the wheelchair ridden figure as his enemy, he brutally dismembered each portion of his body, savagely hacked away each facial feature, and meticulously soiled the entire steaming carcass with a torrential onslaught of super powered urine.

"Oh my God! You've killed Timmy, our poster boy!" shrieked Jerry Lewis as millions of horrified viewers watched the Muscular Dystrophy Telethon.

Totally unconcerned, Stuporman punched a hole through Jerry Lewis and found himself outside. There, next door to the studio, his discerning eye had difficulty locating the entrance to Lummox's lair, as he was almost blinded by the intense pulsations of a neon sign with "Lech Lummox's Lair" written on it.

Stumbling aimlessly through the sign, Stuporman came upon yet another figure cowering in the shadows. "Now I've got you, Lummox!" Stuporman growled, crumpling him into a little ball, stuffing him up his ass and farting him to a distant, real far away place.

Finally, Lech Lummox walked into the room. "Hi, I'm Lech Lummox."

"Like hell you are," Stuporman snarled, mindful of his shitty track record.

"I am so," Lech countered wittily. "By the way...why are you here?" he asked. Stuporman looked perplexed.

"Could you repeat the question, please?"

"Why are you here?" Lummox repeated.

"Twenty after four," Stuporman replied.

"No, why are you HERE?" Lech asked angrily.

"WHERE!"

"HERE!!"

"Oh, here...I see."

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Don't you realize that in two seconds, my two intercontinental ballistic missiles are going to detonate above New York and Gravenhurst?"

"Two...one...zero. All gone."

"You asshole!! This very instant, 10 million and 53 people have just been annihilated!"

Bored beyond words, Stuporman turned and defecated on the spot. The super costume sagged embarrassingly around his ankles.

"Hey...let me help you out of that outfit," Lech said seductively. Suddenly aware of the monumental lack of love and affection that hallmarked his entire life, Stuporman collapsed sobbing into Lech's arms. Electrified by the yearning touch of Stuporman's tender hands, Lech was swept up in a dizzying maelstrom of primitive emotion. They began clutching and pawing each other with reckless abandon, throwing all caution to the winds. Fearing no retribution, they unashamedly violated each other raw, thrashing and twisting

around on the blood-stained floor. As their animalistic lovemaking reached a climax, the recently reconstituted Lurid Loins came upon the sordid scene.



"Holy Sodom and Gomorrah," she uttered, nauseated by the hideous slurping sounds of the mutual abuse unfolding before her. Eager to join it, she jumped spread-eagled on Lech's head, deftly clipping his ears and began oscillating so furiously that she buried most of his upper torso in her lower abdomen.

This stomach-turning debauchery continued for several hours until all the epithelium had been completely scraped off every opening in their bodies.

"Are you really Lech Lummox?" Stuporman asked, picking engorged hemorrhoids from his teeth.

"Why don't you get that monster filed down?" said a defiled Lech Lummox, dousing his still raging anal inferno.

At that moment, Lurid actually thought of something.

"Turn on the radio so we can see if Lech's missiles really did do their damage, Stuporman."

Struggling for some ten minutes with the radio, Stuporman became so frustrated with his inability to find the On-switch that he hammered the radio brutally into Lurid's face.

"You do it," Stuporman snarled. At that moment, the radio sparked life.

"The Hub of Western Civilization is no more. Some loved it, some hated it, but all respected it," blared the loud-speaker. "The people were a surly lot...loved by none, loving none, begotten...not made. This shining star, this cultural oasis, this Gravenhurst...is no more. Oh yes, and New York was also destroyed."

"Fuck off, radio," Stuporman growled, angrily ripping off staccato blasts with his fists against Lurid's radio-face. When the smoke cleared, it was apparent that she was near death for yet a

second time.

Stuporman was puzzled. "Lurid must not die!" he wondered. He racked his brain for a solution to his predicament.

Suddenly, he took off at the speed of light. Back, back into time he went. Watching the days unfold, he sought that fateful moment. Not finding it, he went backer and backer.

Hacking and choking in a methane atmosphere, he was almost certain that he'd gone the backest he could. Collecting his thoughts, which took almost no time at all, he was suddenly stamped into the dirt by the pile-driving wallop of a dinosaur's foot. Groggily stirring from the bottom of a six foot deep foot-print, his upward glance was rewarded with the sight of a thirty thousand pound dinosaur turd hurtling towards him. The gut-wrenching impact of shit on alien sent the Tyrannosaurus gleefully on its way.



Surfacing from the steaming mass, Stuporman wound up and let loose a vicious, castrating super-kick right to the reptile's nuts.

"Eek!" screamed the dinosaur as it crumpled to the ground on top of Stuporman. Angrier than ever, he drew back and lambasted the creature's face so savagely that its teeth blew out of its ass like machine gun fire.

Stuporman pounded the remains into the hamburger before taking off once more into time.

Going forwarder into time, he landed right at the hospital where Lurid was born many years before.

Entering the nursery, he ripped a pediatrician right out of his whites and threw him out the window. Finding the proper room by a literal process of elimination, he came upon Little Lurid's parents, who were chattering excitedly over the birth of their new daughter.

"Hi, I'm a kid doctor," Stuporman said, cleverly maintaining his disguise. "And I'm here to see your daughter." And there she lay, seductively wrapped in her silken blankets, her day old skin glistening softly under the glow of the incubator lights, her silver-nitrate stained eyes ill-concealing her yearning loneliness.

Slurp, slobber, smack," Stuporman said, eyeing the young Lurid.

"That's my daughter, you monster," Mrs. Loins protested, backhanding her in the face. Stuporman became a slave to his desires.

Crashing through the glass of the isolation unit, he startled several infants. He quickly stifled their nerve-wracking screeches by pushing their faces deep into his seething armpits. Then, nimbly fending off the security staff with one of the heavier babies, he trampled and kicked his way among the bassinets, seeking the neonate of his dreams.

Laying eyes upon the baby Lurid, Stuporman was suddenly torn between lust and duty. "What's for dinner?" he moaned agonizingly.

Then he realized what he must do. He raised his gigantic fist above his head. Little Lurid gurgled innocently below him, her big brown eyes staring up questioningly. He faltered for a moment; shuddering visibly as he summoned his courage. Then he gritted his teeth, and the knuckles whitened on his hands as he took aim on her fragile little head.

He snapped his fist down with lightning speed. The entire hospital reverberated from the tremendous impact. And there in the nursery stood Stuporman...motionless...fist imbedded deeply in his own skull.

He was such an asshole.

The End.



## This Business of Life

By J. Jeffrey Case

### This Weeks Thought

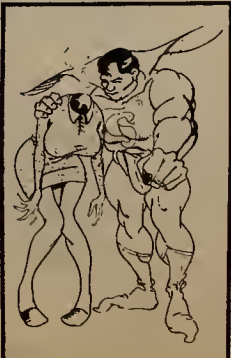
"The reward for being a good problem solver is to be heaped with more and more difficult problems to solve!"  
Buckminster Fuller

Advising Young Professionals  
With Money Management  
By Design

nalaco

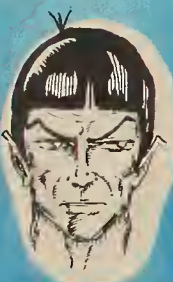


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# STAR TREK



Because of our growing international reputation, the producers of the upcoming Star Trek movie have asked the Toike to write the script. This is the result...

The movie opens with standard shot of a starship flying by as William (Loblaws) Shatner's calm voice ritually intones; "Space the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship In-Her-Thighs. It's five year mission," he continues, his voice rising with excitement, "to explore strange new girls, to make out with new wives in nude civilizations," here Shatner's voice rises to a feverish shriek, "to boldly cum as no man has cum before!" The scene opens with the ship circling some planet.

**Captain's Log Stardate 47-24-36.** Mr. Schlock, Eng Sci Jack-off and Stoner Sumu and I are in the reefing room discussing the orgasmic piece treaty.

**Jack-off:** "How are artsies like toilet paper?"

**Jerk:** "We've no time for pathetic jokes. Now what does the piece treaty say about the planet Innis?"

**Schlock:** "It clearly states that control of the planet goes to whoever can impregnate the nurses there first."

**Jerk:** "Great, the artsies are impotent and don't even know where Innis is. What's the sensor readout Mr. Jack-off?"

**Jack-off:** "Sir, sensors indicate that this movie will never get a G.P. rating."

**Jerk:** "What's your readout Mr. Schlock?"

**Schlock:** "The planet Innis is rated X captain, populated entirely by young female nurses, with long blond hair, baby blue eyes, and figures that could arouse even an artsie."

**Jerk:** "Say no more Schlock, I think we're hard enough, I mean I think we've heard enough, Mr. Sumu, how quickly can we get to Innis?"

**Sumu:** "Hey man hang loose, it all depends on how high you're flying."

**Jerk:** "You've been into the Martian green again. Confine yourself to quarters." (As Sumu goes, Jack-off brings Jerk some soup).

**Jerk:** "What's this hug doing in my soup?"

**Jack-off:** (unable to resist) "I think it's the Russian crawl sir."

**Jerk:** "Jack-off, you token Russian Extra, you're hanned from the script until your jokes improve. Mr. Schlock, this hug is an electronic listening device

designed to transmit the co-ordinates of the planet Innis to the artsies."

**Schlock:** "We'd better get to Innis fast, I can hardly hold back any further, I need the warmth of a nurse beneath me, I need to feel the surge of that green cum forcing its way through my forked penis."

**Jerk:** "Schlock, are you alright?"

**Schlock:** "Yes, I'm fine now. That was just pent up desires releasing themselves. I've calculated that we'll have to travel at warp nine to get to Innis on time. Has Engineer Snot finished inspecting for faulty pylion mountings?"

**Jerk:** "Yes he has. (switches on intercum) Snotty, Schlock will lay in the co-ordinates. Prepare to go to warp nine."

**Snot:** "Captain, I can't, the engines won't start, someone hasn't got their seat-belt done up."

**Jerk:** "Bypass those circuits, I'll be in the bridge."

**Jerk** rushes from the room, knocking over a security guard who immediately dies as a result of the injury.

**Jerk:** (Takes out a notepad and makes a mark). "Damn! That's three this week. We're going to have to stop at a spacestation soon and pick up some more security guards. We only have enough for two more shows."

Scene changes as Jerk appears on the bridge.

**Schlock:** "Captain, we're picking up a magnetic anomaly."

**Jerk:** "Analysis Mr. Schlock."

**Schlock:** "Fascinating, it appears to be a monolith." (from out of nowhere comes, "Thus spoke Zarathustra."

**Jerk:** "Where's that music coming from?"

**Schlock:** "Captain, its changing form. Its changing into a... a... a menhir!"

**Jerk:** "Ignore it. It can't be of any significance."

**Schlock:** "Captain, we're being followed, by the enemy."

**Jerk:** "Ignore it. It can't be of

any significance."

**Schlock:** "Captain, we're being followed, by the enema."

**Jerk:** "The artsies?"

**Schlock:** "No, worse, a rag tag fugitive fleet headed by a Commander Adama."

**Jerk:** "The competition? Blast them out of the skies. Lieutenant Uwhore, raise the TOIKE office."

**UWHORE:** (resisting the obvious joike) "Got the editor, sir."

**Jerk:** "Hey listen Bob, I've got a problem."

**TOIKE Editor:** "Sure Jerk, I have twenty feminists after my body and you've got problems? What can I do for you?"

**Jerk:** I need a plot...

**Editor:** Why, are you dead?

**Jerk:** Not me you asshole, I mean a story plot.

**Editor:** What's wrong with the one you've got??

**Jerk:** It's pretty weak, I think I need a new twist.

**Editor:** How about a peppermint twist.

**Jerk:** Please, no more had puns.

**Editor:** Sorry about that. I'll look in the files and see what I can send up. You might have to settle for an old Lost in Space episode but I'll see what I can do.

**Jerk:** Thanks. Much appreciated. Jerk off. (intercum squeals)

**Snot:** Snot here captain...

**Jerk:** Who's not there?

**Snot:** I said Snot here captain, 25 furry objects just appeared in Engineering.

**Jerk:** They're probably just the Eng Sci frosh.

**Snot:** no, these things are even stranger.

**Jerk:** Okay Schlock and I will be right down (aside: Thanks Bob). Jerk leaps from his throne and crashes into a sticky elevator door. Cursing, he and Schlock are forced to take the stairs. The scene cuts to engineering where Jerk and Schlock enter panting.

**Jerk:** What are they?? Schlock.

**Schlock:** They're a rare type of maladjusted species devoted to masochistic pursuits as an escape

from society.

**Jerk:** No, not the Eng Sci frosh I mean those other strange objects.

**Schlock:** Oh, sorry captain. They look like a form of Tribblesucker cockus. Invented by engineers in the 1990's during the genetic wars. They are a cross between beavers and pussies commonly called trihhles.

**Jerk:** Are they harmful?

**Schlock:** Perfectly harmless.

**Jerk:** Pretty horing plot twist. From out of nowhere comes a sadistic laugh... The Intercom squeals again.

**Coy:** Jim, this is Boner. I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is that we've got a new plot twist. The bad news is that I dropped a load of concentrated iaxative into the food processors. Did you drink any of the soup?

**Jerk:** Oh shit. We'll hold an emergency conference in the turboblush.

**Coy:** One problem. Have you ever noticed that you never see a washroom on this ship? Must have been designed by an Industrial.

**Jerk:** Well there is one on deck 11, I think. sounds of stampeed in background...

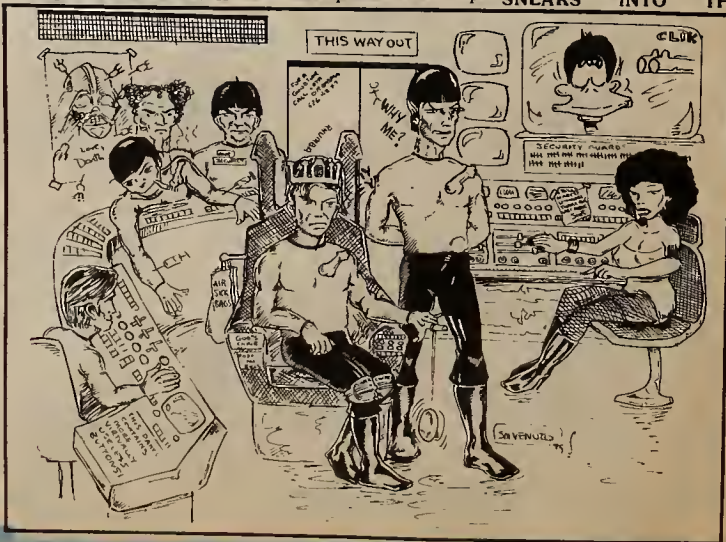
Jerk arrives at the lone washroom and, vapourizing the 50 people lined up in front of him, walks right in. Five minutes later he exits with a relieved look on his face and a tribble on his cock!

**Jerk:** (amidst laughter) Would you mind telling me just why this trihhle is on my penis.

**Crewman:** Well sir, it isn't hard. (more laughter). At this point Jerk emptied his phasor into the insubordinate crewman.

**Jerk:** Damn. That's another one (out comes the notehook) Schlock, I thought you said that these trihhles were harmless.

**Schlock:** They are... to artsies and Vuicans. You see trihhles subist on semen obtained by feilating their hosts to orgasm (THE CREW QUICKLY SNEAKS INTO THE









# A Guide For Tasteful Anal Sex

In keeping with current trends of progressive journalism, the TOIKE is proud to present an article on Bum Blasting. Ever since the Greeks discovered that there was an orifice for procreation and another for recreation, man has been travelling down the Hershey Highway looking for the back entrance to heaven. Subsequent generations, content with pudendal pudding and hand-jobs dismissed the buttocks as the doorway to heaven. Despite the advent of shameful heterosexuality and sick Victorian sex, cornholing lives on.

## FOREPLAY

Although often cited in journals, foreplay should be left to the amateur. The true brown dirtcowboy will ram his way home without further consideration than removing his clothes. For the newcummer however, inserting a large blunt object into the sigmoid colon is advantageous and may minimize further hemorrhage. For this purpose a small javelin pole or butternut squash is recommended, although a leg can be used in an emergency.

Licking and inserting a tongue in the external anal sphincter may loosen up the new enthusiast, but for unrestricted entry a Bic lighter set on high will guarantee an easy access as well as removing those unsightly ass hairs.

## POSITION

The optimum position for butt fucking is anus to penis although penis to anus has been reportedly achieved. For maximum comfort the penis should be inserted end first at a 37 degree angle to the horizontal unless either one of the participants is lying down.

If more than one wang is involved, any procedure which can cram the most organ into the rectum is recommended. In the recumbent position the fuckee can lower themselves over the fucker even though this tends to displace the intestines into the lungs. This can be uncomfortable but rapid shallow breathing insures multiple orgasms.

## LUBRICATION

No true rectal recluse would dream of using anything but saliva. But for the newcummer to anal sex who may feel as though someone is sanding his innards lubricant may be necessary. Two parts Cheez Whiz and Vaseline is a favourite with those who enjoy an oral sex warmup, while those who like it fast and hard prefer equal portions of K-Y and transmission fluid. For the long time enthusiast who just can't squeeze it anymore, Lepage glue and lemon juice will pucker up the laziest of sphincters.

## HYGENE

Obviously one of the most important aspects of anal sex, the professional poop shooter is the model of cleanliness. Hands are thoroughly washed and teeth are brushed weekly. Willnots, those stubborn nodules of fecal matter which collect in anal hairs are meticulously removed, dried and served as croutons. The rectum is flushed weekly with Draino and a daily douche with methyl ethylketone is guaranteed to kill those little beasties which contribute to diarrhea. If hemorrhoids are prominent the clusters should be held in the mouth and sucked gently to remove fungal deposits. If orgasm can be achieved at this point, so much the better.

## GOD Goes To Court

In the beginning God created heaven and earth. He was then faced with a class action lawsuit for failing to file and environmental impact statement with HEPA (Heavenly Environmental Protection Agency), an angelically staffed agency dedicated to keeping the Universe pollution free.

God was granted a temporary permit for the heavenly portion of the project, but was issued a cease and desist order on the earthly part, pending further investigation by HEPA.

Upon completion of his construction permit application and environmental impact statement, God appeared before the HEPA Council to substantiate this further.

HEPA was unable to see any practical use for earth since "the earth was void and empty and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Then God said, "Let there be light."

He should never have brought up this point since one member of the Council was active in the Sierrangel Club and immediately protested, asking "How was the light to be made? Would there be strip mining? What about thermal pollution? Air pollution?"

God explained the light would come from a huge ball of fire.

Nobody on the Council really understood this but it was provisionally accepted assuming (1) there would be no smog resulting from the ball of fire and

(2) a separate burning permit would be required.

When asked how the earth would be covered, God said, "Let there be firmament made amidst the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters."

One ecologically radical Council member accused him of double talk, but the Council tabled action since God would be required first to file for a permit from the ABLM (Angelic Bureau of Land Management).

About future development God also said: "Let the waters bring forth the creeping creature having life, and the fowl that may fly over the earth."

Here again, the Council took no formal action since this would require approval of the Game and Fish Commission coordinated with the Heavenly Wildlife Federation and Audobongelic Society.

It appeared everything was in order until God stated he wanted to complete the project in six days.

At this time he was advised by the Council that his timing was completely out of the question...HEPA would require a minimum of 180 days to review the application and environmental impact statement, then there would be public hearings. It would take 10 to 12 months before a permit could be granted.

God said, "To Hell with it!"



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# The Creation

In the begining, G-diva created the Textbook and the Lecture. The lecture was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the book, and the spirits of G-diva moved across the campus. (le hic).

Then did G-diva say, "Let there be rum and there was light, and G-diva saw the light was good (when mixed with coke). Then G-diva separated the light from the dark, calling the light Palm Breeze, and the dark Navy. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And G-diva said, "Let there be firmness in the midst of the waters. And G-diva created the firmness to separate the waters. G-diva called the firmness Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

Then G-diva said, "let there be dry land. And so it was. G-diva called the land U of T and it was very dry. And G-diva seeing the fucking mess, went home for a brew. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And G-diva said, "Let the water bring forth living creatures. Let there be budgies in the air, Jocks on the ground, fish in Sid Smith, and Artsies under the table. Let the land bring forth all manner of plants to eat smoke and distill: Let there be learning and Science. Let there be equations and constants. And let them reproduce without solution. And the evening and the morning were 2n plus 1 day.

And the fifth day G-diva skiped.

On the weekend there was a puh, and G-diva looked and saw that it was good, all except for the budgies who were multiplying and shitting on everything. "Cocksucker", said G-diva, and lo there came Dentists. G-diva commanded them that they should gather up all the shit. G-diva took the shit and pondered it. Then said G-diva, "Let us make a skuleman in our own image, and let him have dominion over the Jocks, and over the artsies and every living Meds man that creepeth on the earth. Then did G-diva take the shit, and of it from the skuleman and pour into him the brew of life. (le hic). And G-diva planted an annex in the land of U of T. Out of the stores did the lady G-diva cause to grow every plant that is pleasant to the sight and lungs. Then did G-diva plant in the middle of the annex, the cannon.

The lady G-diva took the Skuleman and put him in the annex in U of T to rule it and keep it. And the Lady G-diva commanded the Skuleman saying, "You may freely screw around with anything in the annex, but you touch that cannon and I'll hoot your halls so fuckin' hard you'll have to open your mouth to take a piss. You get me fuck eyes?" Where upon did the Skuleman agree.

Then G-diva said, "It is not good that the Skuleman should be alone, lest he defile himself and go hliind. I will make a helper fit for him." So out of the left over hudy shit mixed liberally with the remains of the previous days meals at Gnu College, did G-diva form every heast and worm on campus, and bring them to the Skuleman to see what he would call them. And G-diva brought forth the jock, but what the heast lacked in intelligence (considerable) he

made up for in the reek of sweat, so that the Skule man fled saying, "Jocks off campus". Then did G-diva bring a Pharmacist to make the skuleman feel better, but when the Pharmacist charged \$14.89 for the aspirin the Skuleman did kick him in the crotch and say unto him, "Eat shit, motherfucker!"; and what ever the Skuleman called every living thing - that was its name. But for the Skuleman there was no fit helper. So the Lady G-diva gave the Skuleman a 24 so causing a great sleep to fall upon him. And when he had crashed, G-diva took the will-nots from the Skuleman's asshole, and from them fashioned a nurse, and brought her to him. Then the Skuleman said, "What kind of fucking thing is this?" "That's right", answered G-diva, And they were both cannonless and they were not ashamed.

Now the artsie was a gay fellow, more vile than any other creature in the land. Then did the vilest most dispicable hork faced artsie who was named Seymour enter into the garden. It said to the nurse, "Did G-diva say you shall not have anything in the annex" And the Nurse said, "Fuck off artsie, we may not touch the cannon, or we shall lose our balls."

But the artsie said, "You have no balls to lose, wherefore may you indeed take the cannon, or I'll eat my SAC. For G-diva knows that should you have a cannon you would be like her, and all the world would admire you. Verily I say unto you, you should have cannon parity." Then did the nurse take the cannon proclaiming she did not lose her balls, whereupon did all the creatures cum to see. Then she gave the cannon to the skuleman, and when he saw that it was a beautiful and fearsome weapon he took it. And he fired the cannon when all the creatures had cum. And this was the first gang bang.

G-diva heard the bang and came to the annex saying, "Who took the cannon?" Then did the nurse answer saying, "It was the artsie, for he told me I have no balls."

The Lady G-diva said to the artsie, "Because you have done this thing, cursed are you above all students. Into Sid Smith shall you go, and preach crap all the rest of your days. I will put enmity between you and the Skuleman and he shall piss on you and use your halls for cannon wadding."

To the nurse she said, "I shall greatly multiply your pain with sponge haths and rectal temperatures."

Then did she address herself to the Skuleman saying, "Because you have listened to the voice of your nurse and have fired the cannon which I commanded you not to touch, you shall toil and slave over it and you shall carry it where ever you go. But it shall bring you pain, for men shall envy it and steal it from you. By the sweat of your ass shall you do problem sets and exams shall be brought upon your head."

Then G-diva made a hardhat for the Skuleman that he might be recognized as G-diva's chosen, and she sent him and his nurse forth from the annex. And they wandered in desolation till they came to the Graduate skule for where else should they go after being cast from U of T, but to the land of the rejects.

# GOD Gets Tenure

In a long expected move, the Religious Studies Tenure Committee, meeting, in closed session, on Monday voted to award God tenure. Speaking in an exclusive interview following the meeting, Father John Belly, of no fixed address, outlined his reasons for awarding "Him" tenure, "Wow, did you see his list of publications? The first book was just great; floods, famine, pestilence. Boy, what action!"

Others members of the committee, however, disagreed with Father Belly's interpretations "I was most impressed with his research," commented committee member, and President of Victoria College Goldwyn Stench. "I mean, making a woman out of a man's rib, now that is what I call genius."

Asked to comment on how God could possibly receive tenure in spite of poor course evaluations, St. Michael's College Professor, William Dumpy, replied "Yes, we are aware of his inability to communicate effectively, his lack of tolerance for opposing viewpoints, the unusually high standards he sets for his students, his incredibly strict marking scheme,

and his tendency to explain things in mysterious ways — but when did that stuff ever count in a tenure decision?"

Philosophy Professor Chuck Blandly, seemed to agree with Professor Dumpy's analysis. When asked if having students on the tenure committee would have affected the outcome he replied "Oh sure, they would have raised all those irrelevant points, you know, can he teach, is he easily accessible, does he answer questions: It's just as well that there were no students there."

Apparently, the decision to award tenure to our Father Who Art in Heaven, did not pass the committee without some discussion. "One member noted that God has been dead for years, and that because of that he was ineligible to receive tenure," remarked Father Belly. "But I quickly pointed out that some of our finest faculty members had received tenure years after they had passed on, and to establish death as a possible grounds for tenure denial, at this point in time, would be a dangerous precedent."

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# Quincy's Ambulance Not For Sale

"Morning, Quincy," Sam said as he walked into the converted butcher shop that was the autopsy suite. Suddenly covering his mouth, he raced back out into the hallway and heaved for a full ten minutes into the toilet bowl. Severely dehydrated and shaken, he made his way back to the room. Quincy sat huddled over a cadaver, eating his lunch while lost in thought.

"Oh, Jesus, Quince!" Sam said, reeling again. "What the hell are you doing?" The cadaver before them looked horribly mutilated, evidently the victim of a shark attack.

"Aw shit. I get so involved in these damn detective novels that I forget which is lunch and which is the specimen," Quincy said, wiping his mouth. "Better file this one," he said, having eaten most of the body. "Better still send it to the New College cafeteria". She turned pale and felt nauseous as he started to wheel the remains down to the incinerator chute. "Hold it," Quincy said, breaking off a bone splinter from the cadaver's ribs. Picking his teeth with it, he nodded for Sam to continue.

Upon his return, he saw Quincy sitting

back, feet up on another body, sipping on a formaldehyde shake.

"Quincy!!" Sam Shrieked, seeing a piece of brain in the beaker he was drinking from.

"How did that get in here?" Quincy wondered, thoughtfully stirring the beaker. "No big deal. You wanna drink, Sam?" he asked, tossing a flask of the stuff at him.

"Aaaughhh!!!" Sam howled, bolting out of the room towards the toilet. He ran screaming down the hallway, turning various shades of green as he passed the pathology lab where Quincy dined regularly. The hospital staff graciously set aside one stall in the washrooms for Sam's personal use. Some joker wrote "The Chameleon" on the door.

Some minutes afterward, Dr. Aston, head of the Coroner's department, walked into the autopsy suite.

"Quincy... QUINCY!!!" he bellowed. "Get the hell over here, you goddamn ghoul. I've got a job for you to do," he snarled, as Quincy emerged from the far end of the room, chewing on a leg.

"NO!!" Aston said, before Quincy could offer him a bite.

"And put that damn thing down when I'm talking to you. I'm getting fed up of covering for you atrocities around here. Every time you're scheduled to appear in court, the case is dismissed due to insufficient evidence. The few tidbits that Sam

could prize from your grasp aren't even enough for microscopic examination. Anytime they ask for your opinion, all you can say is 'delicious', and smack your lips. The courts are getting very suspicious, Quincy."

"Aw, lay off, will ya... BURP!" Quincy belched, spraying out a foul cloud of noxious gas that smelled like rotting cabbage and gangrenous flesh right at Aston's face. The unsuspecting Aston spontaneously emitted a single blast of vomit into the air, coating the walls and covering Quincy's blood-stained overalls.

Later that day, Quincy was called into the office and greeted by a very sickly Aston. "Have a seat, Quincy," Dr. Aston said. Eager to comply, Quincy tore the buttocks of a stiff.

"Oh, Christ, you animal," Aston said, feeling faint. Then he handed him a note at the end of a long stick. "Read it," he ordered.

"My god.... a 747 crashed landed near Los Angeles with no survivors... not certain if mechanical or pilot error... I see. You want me to see if the crew was to blame in some way, is that right?"

"That's right, you necro, But remember... This is a terrible disaster, not a smorgasbord. I'll put you behind bars personally if you're caught. So get going, and take Sam with you."

"Okay, but first I'll grab a bite to eat. C'mon Sam, my treat," Quincy said.

Screaming and kicking, Sam was dragged heels first out of the room, then down to the Pathateria.

"You're gonna love it, Sam my boy. I've got soup, sandwiches and some wine to boot," Quincy explained.

"You're kidding, Quince. It sounds normal. I can't believe it," Sam said, feeling ever so relieved. "And I'm famished!" he said, tearing into the food. It was days since he was able to face the sight of food. He'd lost sixty five pounds since he started working with Quincy, sometime last week.

Sitting back, belly aching with fill Sam lit up a cigarette and started to smoke.

"That was damn good, Quincy," he said. "You must give me the recipe."

"It's easy, Sam. First off, you get a skull from an accident victim and mash up the brains with a blender. Then, chop up bits of intestine, add kidneys, diced liver and appendix, sprinkle liberally with phlegm and bile, and garnish the whole bloody thing with smegma sauce. And it takes no time at all. I also pulled the wine out of some dead rubby's hand this morning. Bigger would hardly let go," Quincy said. Sam froze on the spot. He turned at Quincy and tried to speak. His lips only formed silent words as the horror of his supper washed over him.

Coming to several hours later at the crash site, Sam found himself lying near a pile of flaming bodies. Looking around he saw a bag of marshmallows and some sticks left on the ground. Obviously Quincy's work. He stumbled around for a few minutes until he found Quincy. And there he lay, on top of a female stiff, evidently around 16 years old. He was pumping in and out furiously, groaning out loud and pawing the body like an animal.

"Quincy! Are you out of your mind?" Sam wailed, absolutely appalled by the sight of necrophilia.

"Don't sweat it, Sam. I'm wearing a black condom. Gotta have some respect for the dead."

The next morning, the telephone in Aston's office rang early in the morning, and fearfully, he picked it up and said hello.

"Aston! Good to hear you again," said the police commissioner. "Your man Quincy... works like a demon," he said, and Aston knew the truth. "He arrived early yesterday and worked well into the night. Dedication, that's what it is. But, you know, I could have sworn there were a lot more bodies lying around last night when I left. But no matter. Just phoned to say thanks for putting a good man on it. Bye," and he hung up. Aston was perplexed, but ever so relieved.

"Quincy," Aston shouted, upon his return, "What did you find? Was the captain drugged?"

"I'll have the results for you in a few minutes. Just as soon as I run a test sample of my own blood," said Quincy.

Fifteen minutes later, Quincy's blood showed definite traces of Demerol in the Captain's body.

"I thought I felt woozy," Quincy said.

The next day, Quincy appeared in court as an expert witness. Slides of the grisly scene were flashed on a screen.

"This is the sordid accident we all read about in the papers," the commissioner testified. "Thanks to Quincy's efforts, we were able to demonstrate traces of Demerol in the captain's body by some unusual means, (as Aston assured me) thus letting the manufacturer off the hook. Though we can't explain it, there were fewer bodies the morning after Dr. Quincy began than there were the night before. However..." Aston began to sweat.

"This slide, taken by one of our boys with infrared, shows some horrible creature hunched over the victims, apparently eating them, with his terrible eyes glowing a crimson red in the night. But we can only speculate." With these words, Aston passed out with relief in his chair.

"Christ, Quince," Sam said, "That was close." Once back at the hospital, Aston said "Another stunt like that, and they'll roast me alive." He suddenly covered his mouth, for Quincy was eyeing him hungrily.

## Hunting for a BARGAIN?

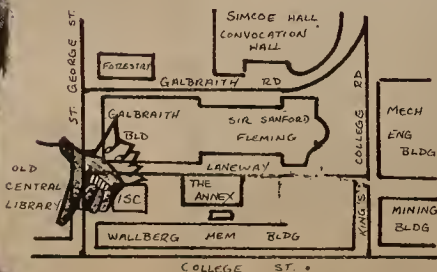
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## Continuing Education Digs In

In startling and some what shocking announcement today the university's school of continuing studies revealed the outline for a new program to reach all levels of the community. The school, which has been praised in the past for its innovative work in areas from junior kindergarten to geriatrics, seems precariously perched above the brink of had taste (and smell) as it prepares to leap the gulf of death itself. The T'ike obtained an exclusive interview with I. Wanchadoc, chairman of the new program.

T'ike: As I understand it you are preparing to offer courses for corpses?

Wanchadoc: We prefer to call them underground students. 'Corpses' has such a sense of finality. After all we are always learning everyday aren't we? Our motto is "Your not getting moldier, you're getting deadier."

He looked at me and smiled with an expression one frequently sees on the criminally insane. Avoiding his glance I swallowed my breakfast again and continued.

T'ike: Do you think that the program will have much appall, I mean appeal?

Wanchadoc: We're hoping so. We are trying to convince the families of the deceased that instead of spending alot of money on a fancy grave stone and plot that will eventually crumble they should invest in something that will last forever, an education.

T'ike: Even if it doesn't get you a job, eh?

His sardonic smile somehow reminded me of 'The Holocaust'. I longed to he hack in the calculus tutorial I was skipping.

Wanchadoc: How amusing. The university actually should profit considerably though. Increased enrolment will mean that government grants to the university will be increased. But at the same time there will be little added demand on athletic, parking and residence facilities. For those who are coming from far away we are looking for space in Marg Ad where the stiff unyielding hodies should feel at home. Anyway you have to look at the demographics. Between the years of 2000 and 2030 the hahy hoom generation will be dropping like flies. We want a piece of the action.

T'ike: This is a whole new group of uh, people? That you're trying to reach. Do you foresee any problems?

Wanchadoc: There are bound to be a few hut we are well prepared. Our previous work with semi-conscious and comatose groups such as jocks and forestry students will be a great aid. A good orientation program will also help. We are planning tours of the formalin storage in Med Sci and are warning them against eating at New College. They may be dead hut there's no sense taking chances.

T'ike: How do you think the present student body will accept your program?

Wanchadoc: A few trial cases have shown that the dear departed mix very well especially with artsies, though in fact we have had a few rather brutal and disgusting episodes with overeager med students. We had originally hoped to integrate the classes but this led to confusion since the motionless hodies and vacant gaze of the new students made them virtually indistinguishable from the faculty memahers. We plan to involve the undergrounds in regular student activities such as sports by using them for goalpost assemblies in football and hockey games and at pubs as coatracks.

T'ike: What sorts of courses will you be offering?

Wanchadoc: We expect topics such as theology and the occult to be very popular hut we are also offering course of special interest to the dead, such as 'Interesting tumors I have known, Pathology self-taught', 'Decorating with fungus' and 'If I can't take it with me where can I rent it.'

T'ike: Are you really going to give degrees to the deseased?

Wanchadoc: Why not? We give them to Eng. Sci. Anyway we feel everyone should have a ghoul I mean goal to work towards.



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